The Bystander, October 12, 1921 No. 932. Vol. LXXII.

The BYSTANDER

BY WILMOT LUNT

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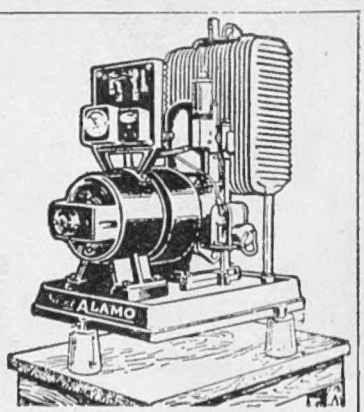

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Are We Too Extravagant?

IT sounds quite cheerful to hear, at any rate, one theatre manager saying that he finds no difficulty in filling his stalls at seventeen and fourteen shillings. But I am afraid that it is not so much an indication of prosperity as of that recklessness in spending that seems to have taken possession of so many—an eat, drink, and be merry for to-morrow we "bust" sort of spirit. From the Government down to the poorest individual, we need seriously to ponder over Mr. Micawber's theories—but not practices—of expenditure. Emulating the Government and its countless ministries, every man, woman, and child seems to have set himself or herself up as "a spending department." Even the anti-wasters seem to waste time.

A Relic of Barbarism

WE were very proud of ourselves in London when we instituted the theatre queue. We wondered how we ever stood the free fight that took place every night at the pit and gallery doors of any theatre that had a success. To-day we are told that the theatre queue is a relic of barbarism. The arguments for and against the queue are familiar enough. It is a question that may safely be left to theatre-goers and managers. But a much greater public than that of the theatre stands in great need of assistance. It has not yet reached even the queue stage. I mean the great and general public that uses buses and trams and trains.

The Bus Queue Pest

IN a few cases people have voluntarily accepted the queue system for buses, but, taking it all round, to get on a bus at a busy time of day means a very indecent struggle, in which the strongest or most unscrupulous are generally victorious. The Paris system of "first come first served" by means of tickets is certainly the fairest, but even the queue would be better than the present scrimmages. If a bus carried two or three times as many passengers as it does the fight would be so serious that the law would be obliged to interfere. I confess that I feel somewhat warmly on this point. I like a ride on top of a bus, but often deny myself for I hate knocking women and children about. I suppose I am foolish. They never show the same consideration for me when a bus seat is concerned.

Dull Gairloch

A FRIEND of mine who stayed in Gairloch while it was for a few hectic weeks the capital of Great Britain, rejoiced to get back to London again. He acknowledged that the scenery was perhaps as beautiful as any of the kind that he has ever seen, and he is a very widely travelled man. But Gairloch was dull. I then realised that though every now and then we received a highly interesting bit of news from Gairloch, it was not enough to keep us interested for seven days in the week. It rained there most of the time, and the climate is not bracing.

Unseemly Customs

THE people talk Gaelic and have no amusements to offer to visitors. Being thirty miles from any station and over seventy from Inverness, Gairloch does not allow its visitors easily to get away for a few hours fun. One might have thought that these unwonted guests from the great world could have comforted themselves with the idea that though there was no amusement for them, at least they were

By Fred Buchanan

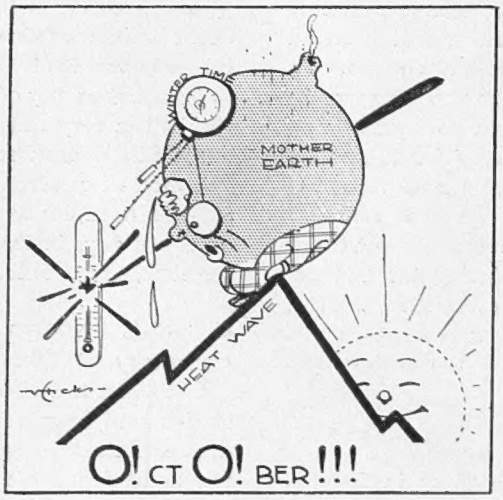
"CURFEW SHALL NOT RING TO-NIGHT"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

affording a little to the natives. But even this altruistic joy was denied them. The Minister was glad to see them go. Their unseemly customs, such as taking aimless walks on the Sabbath, were, in his opinion, bad for Gairloch.

Wonderful London

LONDON is too modest. Look at her climate! I simply cannot help referring to the weather again. Where else shall you find such sunshine from Christmas to October? She puts Monte Carlo to shame. Look at her low death-rate—her beautiful parks—her river. Any other city with half these attractions would advertise itself all over the world as a health and pleasure resort. What has the Riviera, French or Italian, to offer that London cannot equal? From sunshine to scenery London—but I forget. London is afflicted with laws, to which even her visitors must bow.



PHEW! By VICTOR HICKS

Give Us Our Liberty!

IN London we must eat and drink just when the law allows us. We may see something we want in a shop window, and on trying to buy it be told that the shop is not open for the sale of that particular line of goods—to-morrow, yes—or two hours ago, yes—but just now the law forbids. In spite of our beautiful climate and other advantages, Paris, the Riviera—indeed, all Europe, can offer visitors more than London can. It is that which was once the proud boast of the Englishman—liberty.

The Eternal Problem

"THE English middle-class professional man," I have just been reading, "knows no more urgent question than the cost of living." Then came some figures. Intricate tables I omit, but some prices I extract—two pounds of bacon, 1*s.* 6*d.*; one pound of lard, 8*d.*; quarter pound of tea, 6*d.*; a stone and a half of flour, 2*s.* 4½*d.*—and so forth. On the other hand, "Coal and metals have fallen substantially," and "rents throughout the country have shown a strong tendency to fall." All this, and much else, I have just been reading in a "Year-Book," for 1913. If the cost of living was then the "most urgent" for the "English middle-class professional man," one can only wonder how on earth he manages to live at all in 1921. In a manner of speaking, I suppose, he may be said not to do so. Existence is his lot.

"La France"

A GREAT deal has been said during the past two years of the marked improvement in teaching at modern schools. Instead of endeavouring to force into the brain of every boy and girl stiff, bare facts these are now covered with the jam of interest, and even the cinema has been used to rivet youth's roving eye. With foreign languages this must be more difficult: there seems to me only one way to master the "irregulars," and yet . . . I received by post this morning the first copy of a little paper called *La France, Revue de la Presse Française*, and having glanced it through, I am moved to alter my opinion with regard to those verbs. This little journal contains extracts from the French daily, weekly, and monthly press, selected to present to the young students some aspect of contemporary life in France to-day. Pre-eminently for those *qui apprennent le Français*, yet many a schoolmaster and mere ordinary folk will enjoy this revue.

By MACMICHAEL

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME—REDRUTH OR "RED RUSSIA"?

A well-known public man writing from Redruth, Cornwall, says: "I am appalled at the deplorable conditions of the tin-miners (and their families)—all out of work and almost starving, but sticking it like good 'uns"

THE IMMORTALS—MAY THEIR SHADES NEVER GROW LESS By E. T. Reed

Shade of W. S. Gilbert: "Well, my dear Sullivan, so we have survived the Great War and the modern 'Revue'!"

Shade of Arthur Sullivan: "Not to mention 'Jazz,' 'Ragtime,' 'Futurist' music, and the 'Movies'!—most encouraging!"

"Vivat Academia"

It is very curious to note how the Public Schools and the Universities have survived the violent attack that was made on them during the War, which resulted in the "scuppering" of a great many University men from the high positions of State, and favoured men who were guiltless of "Greats." But now the Universities are standing more erect than ever, as Henry James said of France during the War, and they are appealing for financial aid with confidence and in a most business-like way to the man in the street, who has been too long inclined to regard them merely as the homes of sport. Some of the Universities have actually established Publicity Departments on a most elaborate scale. The general feeling is that unless we keep up our higher education we might as well have lost the War, for there is little doubt that Germany made the success she did owing to the use, or, rather, the misuse, she made of her Professors, not least her professors of chemistry, who distilled poisonous gas more deadly than the "soon speeding gear" which the wretched apothecary of Mantua gave to Romeo.

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co*

HOME AGAIN

The Prince of Wales leaving York House one morning last week after his return from the North. He sails for India on the 26th

Who, When and Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox

LORD ALGERNON GORDON-LENNOX, spruce, slim, so debonair, and always irreproachably turned out, never gave the faintest suggestion that he had passed the Biblical span of three score and ten. But he was seventy-four. He was a mirror of tact, and I don't suppose any man was ever called upon more often than he to smooth away difficulties in the families of his friends.

He was kindness personified, and to him no trouble for a friend was a trouble. There are a good many couples to-day who have to thank his wisdom for a happiness they would have thrown away: his worldly knowledge, persuasion that came from a real goodness of heart, and sage advice robbed the Divorce Court of more than one sensation.

Lord Algernon learnt tact in a hard school. For twelve years he was A.D.C. to the Duke of Cambridge when that very outspoken Royal Duke was Commander-in-Chief. His never-failing resource and cheerfulness tided over some very awkward moments, and many an officer, smarting under a Royal "wigging," was soothed by the oil and balm poured into his wounds by the good-looking A.D.C., who showed so successfully that the Commander-in-Chief's bark had no bite in it.

Marriage allied Lord Algernon with that remarkable bevy of sisters and half-sisters, the daughters of Blanche, Countess of Rosslyn. He married Miss Maynard, the sister of Lady Warwick and half sister of Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland (now Lady Millicent Hawes), the late Lady Westmorland, and Lady Angela Forbes. Lady Algernon for many years was a great figure in Society. For a long time she had Lord Saye and Sele's beautiful old place, Broughton Castle, near Banbury, which she decorated with unerring taste.

Like her sister, Lady Warwick, and her half-sister, Lady Millicent Hawes, Lady Algernon used to be a great gardener. She made Broughton a dream of beauty.

Now she has made her home at Capri, where again she has made a beautiful garden. It was there Lord Algernon died. London has seen very little of Lady Algernon these last years. She prefers the quiet of Capri. Her daughter will one day be Duchess of Portland. By the way, Lord Algernon, I believe, was the first man in the *monde* to wear a short black coat with a tall hat, almost a revolution at the time he did it.

Gilbert and Sullivan

WE have had no first-night for years so brilliant as the opening performance of the Gilbert and Sullivan season at the Princes. You don't often hear cheers and shouting in a theatre in these days. The applause was so sincere, so spontaneous that the players were rather overwhelmed. And no wonder! It must be disconcerting—no matter how pleasant and flattering—to have to wait for a storm of applause to subside before the orchestra can give you your cue.

All the world had flocked to the Princes—the house was *choc-à-bloc*. At the end of a brilliant evening Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte announced that the season had been extended to the end of March. He said he was glad to make the announcement. Lusty voices answered, "So are we!"

The Gondoliers went as gaily and as sparklingly as ever—and how gay and sparkling it is! Nobody has ever touched Gilbert in combining reality with a world of make-believe. I see a suggestion has been made that Gilbert's "books of words" should be brought up to date. If such vandalism should ever be done—and it certainly won't happen so long as Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte holds the reins—then good-bye to Gilbert. You might as well try to modernise *The School for Scandal*.

The Gilbert and Sullivan operas are of their period, and, personally, I think

Photograph *Sport and General*

AT THE YORKSHIRE RETRIEVER TRIALS

Lord Chesterfield, who is President of the Society, with Dr. Fairweather, Miss Fairweather and the former's "Banchory Dancer." The trials were held at Duncombe Park, Helmsley

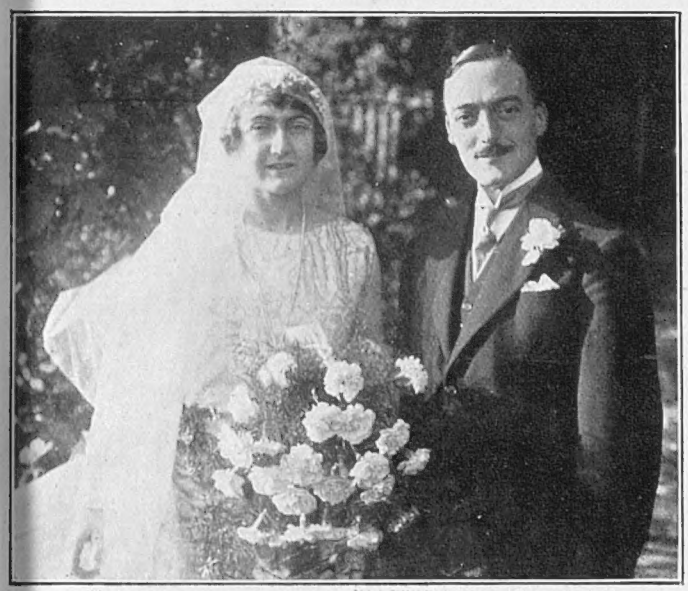
Photograph] THE DUKE OF YORK IN SCOTLAND *[Central News*

A luncheon party at Glamis Castle, Forfarshire, the Earl of Strathmore's seat, where the Duke of York has been staying. Standing, from left to right: the Hon. Michael Bowes-Lyon, the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, the Duke of York, the Earl of Strathmore, Captain the Hon. W. Leveson-Gower and the Hon. James Stuart. Seated: Lady Doris Gordon-Lennox, Lady Margaret Scott, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, Lady Katharine Hamilton and Lady Rose Leveson-Gower

it is a triumph for Victorianism that the larger part of the audiences which crowd the Princes night after night, and have booked their seats weeks and weeks ahead, is made up of young people who never saw the original productions at the Savoy.

The great charm of this revival is the close adherence to the Gilbert tradition of stage-management. Destroy or ignore that tradition and half the charm of the operas will go. An essential in that tradition is clear enunciation, so that every word reaches the audience. Some of the younger members of the cast, especially Miss Griffin and Miss Ferguson as Gianetta and Tessa, were not so clear as their predecessors—but perhaps that was owing to their rapturous welcome.

Six months of Gilbert and Sullivan during which we shall see the too-long neglected *Ruddigore*, will make the London winter all the gayer. Wise parents, I believe, are already booking seats for the Christmas holidays.



Photograph *Central News*

"A MARRIAGE HAS TAKEN PLACE . . ."

The Hon. Betty Cunliffe and Captain O. S. Irwin Northcote (late Suffolk Regiment) after their wedding at St. Mary's Church, Headley. The bride is the daughter of the late Lord Cunliffe, and was given away by her mother

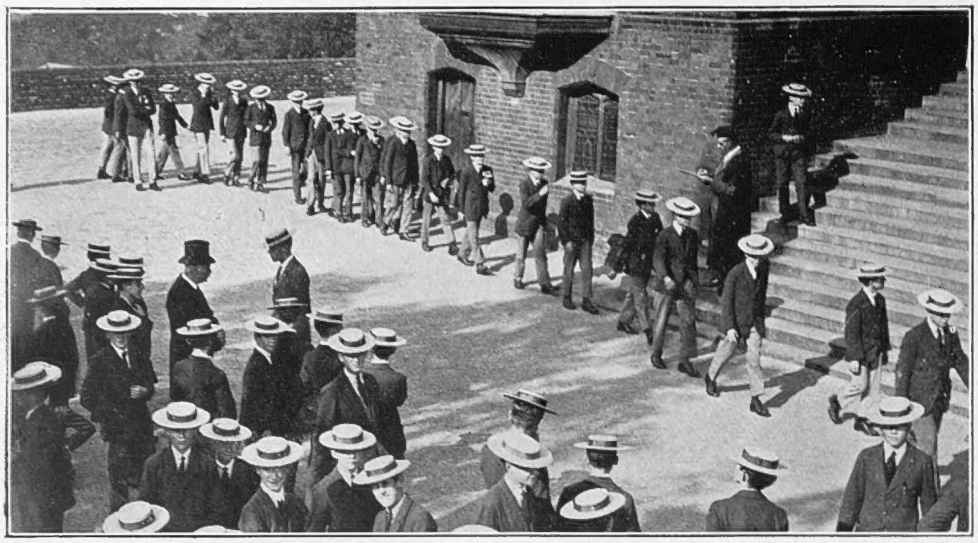
Two Fabrications

How do such grotesque stories as the daughter of the Lord Chancellor of England deciding to become a film actress find their way into print? It has been asserted with all the air of authority that Lord Birkenhead's daughter is going to follow in the footsteps of Lady Diana Duff-Cooper and act for the "movies." It is a fabrication. So

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

FILMING THE FAMILY

The Duchess of Marlborough may soon gain the notoriety of Miss Mary Pickford if she perseveres in her new hobby of producing her own films—concerned, principally, we gather, with the picturisation of the history of the Marlborough family



Photograph *Topical Press*

FOUNDERS' DAY AT HARROW

Harrovians past and present gathered *en masse* last week at the famous school to pay tribute to the memory of the sons of Harrow who fell in the war. The Archbishop of Canterbury, himself an old Harrovian, laid the foundation-stone of the memorial buildings. The Headmaster can be seen taking the roll

is the story that the Duke of Westminster has sold "The Blue Boy" at Grosvenor House for £80,000. Who starts stories of this kind?

Invasion and a Ducal Precaution

ONE after the other big houses are coming into the market. The last is Stover, near Newton Abbott, in Devonshire. I don't know any other country house in England so oddly planned as Stover. The front door is reached by a long outer staircase under a colonnade, and the hall is on the third or fourth floor—dining-room, bedrooms, etc., go downward instead of upward, as in ordinary houses.

It is a fine house and surrounded by a wide and deep area. There is a story that this unusual arrangement was made by a Duke of Somerset, who was convinced that Napoleon would invade England. His plan was to turn the big area all round the house into a moat, and so secure himself from "Boney" and his myrmidons upon the upper floors.

Stover used to be filled with wonderful treasures in the way of furniture and pictures—perhaps it still is. There were some especially fine Holbeins, amongst them one of the Protector Somerset, who built Somerset House.

Changing England

A FRIEND sends me an instance of the amazing change that has come over the English countryside since the War. She says: "In the middle of September I always used to go for a week's visit to a relative in Devonshire. From there I made my way back to London through Somerset, Wiltshire, Oxfordshire, and Berkshire, staying two or three nights, perhaps longer, with friends. Last year my relative in Devonshire was obliged to give up her house, and do you know there is not one of all the other houses at which I used to stay on my return journey now occupied by my friends? I used to pay eight to ten visits every autumn in that region. All these houses have been sold, with the exception of two, which are let furnished on a term of years. All my little world has disappeared."

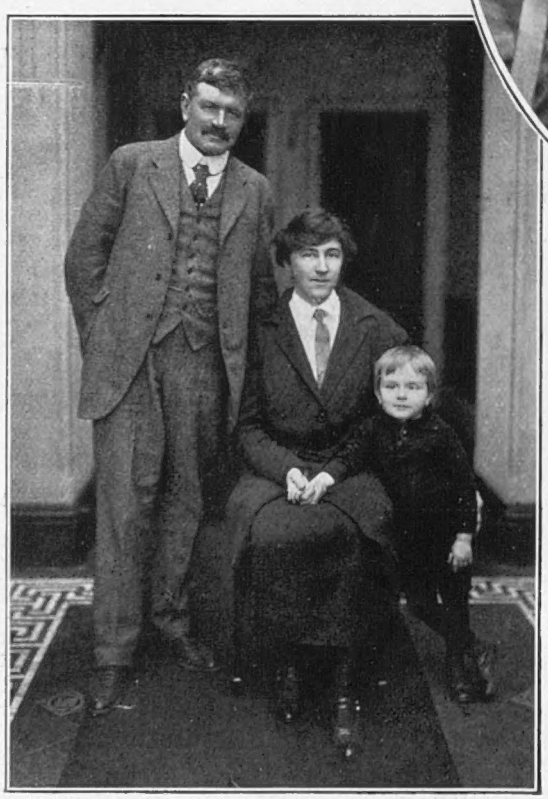
From all one hears I believe this example stands for most of the English counties, and the selling is going on steadily. Where will anybody stay soon unless they scrape acquaintance with the new folk who are buying?

A King and a Birthday Present

THE King of Wurtemburg, or, rather, ex-King, who has just died, was the most respectable of monarchs. But his predecessor, King Charles, used to keep the French secret police extremely busy during his annual visits to the Riviera, not because of what he did, but because of what the odd people with whom he surrounded himself might do.

That King of Wurtemburg carried a democratic principle so far that he admitted very strange fish into his intimacy without even the usual precautions taken by the simplest *particulier*, much less those observed by throned monarchs. He had one habit which one might describe as Gilbertian. On his birthday, instead of receiving presents from his friends, he gave each one of them a present bearing the Royal monogram and crown in diamonds.

On one occasion he gave a large leather blotting-book, with crown and monogram almost filling one of its sides, to a lady whose position and antecedents were beyond any possibility of whitewash, and which the extremist charity of thought could not explain.



Photograph *Maull and Fox*

PROFESSOR STEPHEN LEACOCK

With his wife and son. The Professor, so well known for his humorous novels (one of which—"New Nonsense Novels"—appeared in serial form in the "Bystander" last year), is delivering a series of lectures over here

Photograph *Bassano, Ltd.*

MISS DIANA BLANCHE HARVEY

The second daughter of Sir Robert and the Hon. Lady Harvey, Langley Park, Slough, whose marriage to Flight-Lieut. H. H. Balfour, M.C., younger son of Lieut.-Col. Nigel Harington Balfour, O.B.E., and Mrs. N. Harington Balfour, Belton, Camberley, will take place shortly

Photograph *Photo Press*

M. CHALIAPIN

The Russian singer, who has come over here in order to raise money for the victims of Bolshevic régime. He was accorded a great reception at the Albert Hall last week, where he made his first appearance

A blotter bearing a Royal crown and monogram is no mean asset for the Phrynes of this world. This particular Phryne made the most of it. There was a pretty how-d'ye-do in Wurtemburg and in Berlin. I don't suppose anyone—except the lady—knew what the silly old gentleman had to pay to get his birthday present back again.

How It Was Done

THE Sunday afternoon Scripture lesson was over. The governess, putting away the books, heard this between Miss Five-Year-Old and Miss Seven-Year-Old :

MISS FIVE-YEAR-OLD : "How *could* the deaf adder stop its ears ? Adders haven't got any fingers ! "

MISS SEVEN-YEAR-OLD (*with lofty scorn*) : "Stupid ! Of course they haven't. She put her tail through her ears—just like a whiting."

Photograph *Central News*

THE KING OF SIAM'S BROTHER

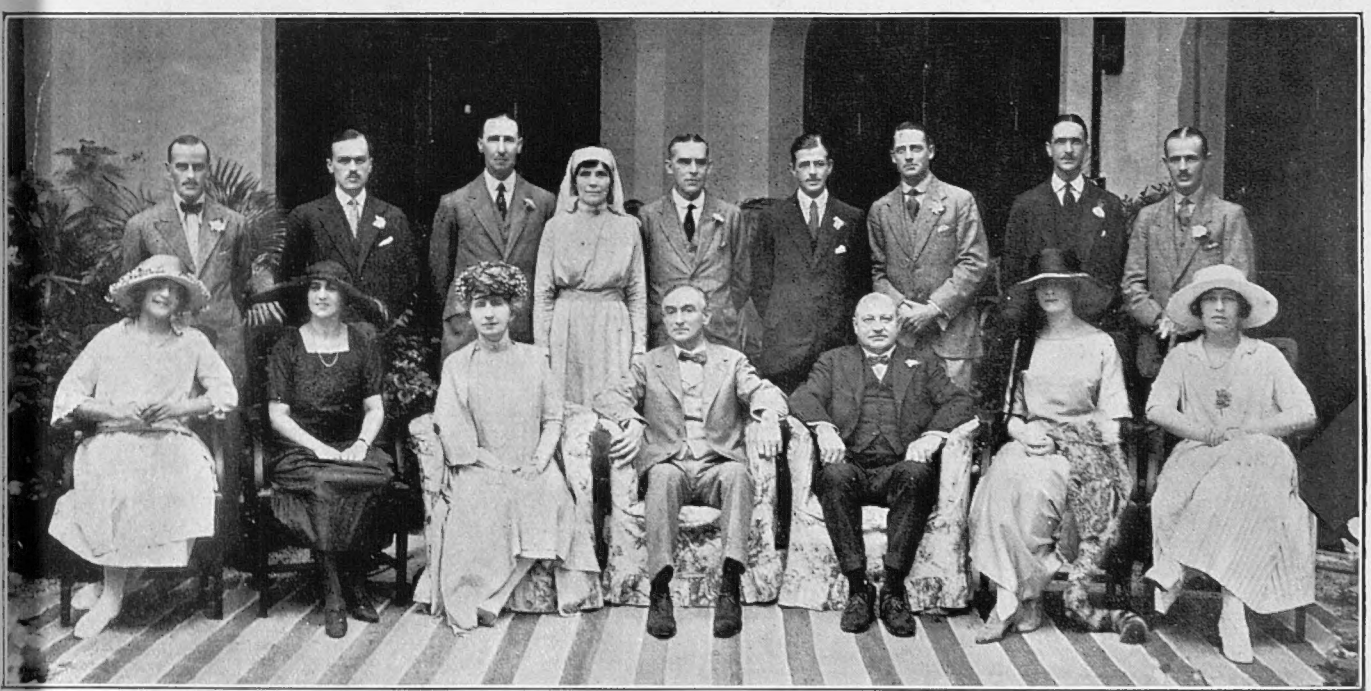
Prince Mahidol of Siam, a brother of the King of Siam, with his young wife. Apparently he is in England to study the public health arrangements in this country.

A Charity We All Ought to Help

THE Duchess of Albany made a moving appeal last Thursday afternoon for St. Bernard's Convalescent Home for Invalid Gentlewomen at Hove. Her Royal Highness was a most excellent chairwoman, so clear and practical, and, as always, so much in earnest. St. Bernard's was founded fifty years ago for invalid gentlewomen whose means do not permit them to procure skilled nursing, and who have no relations or friends to help them. It has been of the greatest possible help to hundreds of gently nurtured women for whom nothing is done. Yet last year over two hundred patients had to be refused for lack of funds and accommodation !

You Can All Help

Now that so many gentlewomen are forced to earn their living the need of St. Bernard's is greater than ever. We all ought to stand by our own order, and there are endless ways in which the sale can be helped. You can all help—no matter in how small a degree—and if you write to Miss Erica Beale, Hon. Organiser, "Christmas Fair Office," Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W., she will be only too happy to tell you what you can send or what you can do. The Duchess of Albany will open the fair on December 6, and afterwards receive purses at a children's party, which will be full of delightful surprises. A very deserving charity.



A HOUSE PARTY AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, NAINI TAL

A reception given by Mr. Victor Gamble in honour of Earl Reading's visit. Sitting, can be distinguished, Miss Mond, Mrs. Victor Gamble, H. E. The Countess Reading, H. E. The Viceroy, H. E. Sir Harcourt Butler, Miss Yvonne Fitzroy, Miss Robson and the staff

A Beautiful Baroness

Photograph *Alice Hughes*

LADY MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU

Who, last week, gave birth to a baby girl. Lord Montagu of Beaulieu was a widower when he married the lovely Miss Pearl Crake last year; he has two daughters by his first marriage but no son

NOW AND THEN

AT THE VAUDEVILLE

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THE programme of this amusing "Extravaganza" is headed by the quotation: "A little laughter now and then, is relished by the wisest men." In parenthesis, I might say that the last time I saw this quotation it was to the effect that the relish was not for laughter but for "a little nonsense." But I daresay Mr. John Hastings Turner, the author of the piece, knows best. The value of the quotation here is in the happy double meaning that gives added point to the title, since the story deals not only with our own times but also with the spacious days of Good Queen Bess. The modern part of the story is soon disposed of. Mr. George Gridd is a self-made millionaire who has bought up the ancestral home of Lord Henry Bablocke-Hythe, K.G.; and when his lordship proposes to even matters up by marrying Gridd's daughter, the old boy obstinately refuses to entertain the matter on the ground that his lordship is "broke." It becomes therefore necessary that the great Traditions of the Bablocke family should be brought to Gridd's notice, so that he may have some idea of the tremendous forces he is up against.

A CONVENIENT thunderstorm is turned on accordingly, so that the armoured ghost of John de Bablocke may arrive on the scene with a nice splash. John, during his lifetime, was one of the Barons who made King John sign the Magna Charta, and it would be very interesting to have the views of such a man on the fragments of the Great Charter that are left to us to-day. The chief purpose of this ghostly visit is to warn Mr. Gridd that if he will not consent to the marriage of his daughter with the Lord Bablocke of to-day, trouble will come to him in large and disagreeable quantities. Gridd, however, remains obstinate; and, consequently, the next thing he knows is that he is walking about in the doublet and hose of the sixteenth century, the pattern of his clothes being more remarkable for its eccentricity than its artistic restfulness. The part is taken by Mr. George Graves who in this entertainment certainly surpasses his record as a laughter producer. The contrast between the great

and free England of the sixteenth century and the mean and shackled condition of the old country in 1921, affords naturally plenty of scope for the plain spoken humorist, and Mr. Graves makes his thrusts with conscientious thoroughness. It is a long while since I have heard in a London theatre laughter so loud or so spontaneous.

ROY ROYSTON AND LADIES-IN-WAITING

THE clock having been put back, it comes as no surprise to hear that Queen Elizabeth is about to arrive at Bablocke Towers on a visit to the lordly owner. A quite remarkable performance is given here by Miss Laura Cowie as Queen Elizabeth. Miss Cowie has been hard put to it to make herself a plain-looking woman, and with all her striving she cannot help leaving Elizabeth not at all unattractive. The chronology of the play is purposely mixed, but I judged that Elizabeth's age at this time would have been about fifty-nine, and she does not look it. But then no woman ever does, so that's all right.

ELIZABETH'S first business is to throw herself metaphorically but unmistakably at the head of Lord Bablocke. But although she gives the young man a very plain hint that she will smile on his advances, he has to regret that his affections are unalterably placed elsewhere. Miss Cowie makes the Queen a most interesting figure, and though she mercifully refrains from the free and easy vocabulary that the faithful historian attributes to that gracious lady, she leaves us in very little doubt that Elizabeth's claim to be a Virgin Queen is like the premature reports of Mark Twain's death, greatly exaggerated.

AFTER the Queen has sailed out of the room in natural wrath, some of her Maids of Honour troop in and make overtures to his lordship on their own account; but he explains that while that sort of thing was all right in the sixteenth century it is all wrong in the twentieth, as the fashion has changed. Yes, I know. Let's get on to the next paragraph.

FRED HEARNE AS MASTER ANDREW

GEORGE GRAVES AS GEORGE GRIDD O.B.E.

ANOTHER most pleasing performance is that of Mr. Miles Malleson as William Shakespeare, then a young man of about twenty-eight. We are accustomed to think of the Immortal Bard as an extremely dignified gentleman, forever standing with his finger resting on his very lofty brow, and disdainfully watching the mob that reverently drops laurel wreaths at his feet. But William had not

got as far as that in the period covered by this play.

WE see him as a nervous young fellow chiefly engaged in training his ballet girls to perform a dance of the period, and anxious to show extreme deference to everybody about the Court. Amusing anachronisms are worked into the play at this stage. Lord Bablocke, for instance, ventures to congratulate Shakespeare on his great play *Hamlet*. Shakespeare replies that he has written no play of that name, and this leads to the conjecture that perhaps after all *Hamlet* was one of Bacon's essays, as it were. Most people, however, give very little heed to the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. If, for instance, it could be conclusively proved to-morrow that Euclid's Elements were actually compiled by Joan of Arc, I suppose the fact would still remain that any two sides of a triangle are together greater than the third side. Mr. Malleson is equally successful later on in the play as a dramatic author of a different and more modern stamp, a very amusing personage indeed.

LORD BABLOCKE-HYTHE is delightfully represented by Mr. Roy Royston who abandons the stateliness of his rank every now and then and obliges with songs and dances in the best musical comedy style. He is fortunate in having for a partner in his scenes Miss Joyce Barbour who has all the qualifications for her very varied part. Miss Barbour has not only a very attractive appearance, but she sings and dances most fascinatingly.

THE performance she gives before Queen Elizabeth, which begins in the stately and dignified manner of the period, and ends as a fine reckless rag-time fling, with very high kicks thrown in, is quite a clever piece of nonsense. The Queen was so affected by the startling display that there was talk of hanging the young lady in consequence. One of the ladies of the Court comes gleefully to tell Mr. Gridd of what is being proposed. She says she loves to look out of her casement in the soft morning light and watch the rhythmic movements of hanged men as they sway to and fro in the gentle breeze. Mr. Graves's comments on such a dreadful state of mind are very natural, and keep the house in shrieks of laughter.

MR. FRED HEARNE plays with distinction as Master Andrew, a Court Fool in search of a new joke, so that he can spring it on her Majesty in due course. Gridd gives him a few tips, but is obliged to hold back his liveliest suggestions on account of the fact that the Queen is not a married woman. Included in the excellent programme is a fine song by Mr. Thomas Lucas, "The Toast is England," which it was a treat to hear.

AS Mr. Kipling says, we are all proud of being citizens of the British Empire and all that, but those of us who are very, very English like sometimes to be reminded that that is what we are first. The play is handsomely mounted, and its fanciful theme is very well developed. It should attract large audiences for some time to come.

JINGLE

A Voice from the Past

BY K. R. G. BROWNE

[During the work of dismantling an old building at Tooting in order to prepare for the erection of a new Labour Exchange, workmen came upon this MS., which was enclosed in a wooden box and hidden in the foundations of the house. It throws an interesting light upon the conditions of life affecting a bygone generation, and THE BYSTANDER *has been able, with some difficulty, to secure from the British Museum the English rights of publication.]*

I AM an old man now, and drawing my old age pension these many years (thanks be to my thyroid gland), but as I sit here by the workhouse window it seems but yesterday that I saw her, perched atop the wall dividing our rubbish-heap from the livery-stables next door.

I recall that she wore a lilac sun-bonnet, and was much occupied in the labour of teaching a snail to climb a twig; she had ever a pretty wit. Nor was I myself, in those days, one of your uncouth, unlettered bumpkins. I had a smattering of tongues and a *modish* taste in dress. I wore that morning, if memory serves, my new homespun and the buckled shoon that I won at Parson's raffle that Michaelmas Eve.

Perceiving her there upon the wall, I felt my heart leap within me, for I knew that my chance was at hand. I swept off my hat with a pretty grace and made a leg; at making a leg, I flatter myself, I had few masters in all our broad Tooting.

"A fair morning, Mistress Dorcas," said I.

"Master Egbert," riposted she, "you are, I perceive, a gentleman of observation!" And with that, in a spirit of girlish mischief, she flung at me the snail, which, impinging with no small force upon my right eye, caused me a momentary inconvenience. Whereat she laughed right heartily, so that she fell from the wall. When I had replaced her I made haste to press my suit. (And here I do not refer to the new homespun.)

"I have come," I said, "for my answer. I am a man of plain speech, and I beg of you, Mistress Dorcas, to give me a plain 'Yes' or 'No.' My patience is well-nigh exhausted, and this suspense is cruel."

For a brief space she hung her head in maidenly confusion, then raised it and gave me such an old-fashioned look.

"Lud, Master Egbert," quoth she, "you seem somewhat impetuous! I have had but three weeks to consider your proposal. And, indeed, I find myself very well as I am."

"But think," I pleaded, "of all that will be yours. This old manor house, and these fair grounds, that shall serve to occupy your leisure, and you will have, moreover, all and more of the comforts to which you have ever been accustomed."

"Almost you persuade me," she murmured, and seemed to ponder. In my eagerness I took a swift pace forward, and in my haste trod inadvertently upon the spiked extremity of a rake, left hidden in the undergrowth by some doltish blockhead of an under-gardener. The pole, springing up speedily, dealt me a shrewd blow upon the nose, causing my eyes to water prodigiously and Mistress Dorcas to laugh merrily, like the distant tinkle of silver bells or golden guineas.

"La, la!" cried she, gaily. "Was ever man so vastly diverting?"

"Come!" said I, impatiently. "My answer! I can wait no longer! Think you that I am a man of straw? You know all that I have to offer. This house, these grounds, ample leisure, and a sufficient allowance. Yes or No, Mistress Dorcas?"

At this she blushed most winsomely, and, glancing demurely at me, slowly closed one roguish blue eye.

"Oi a truth," she murmured, "there seems to be no gainsaying you! Upon one condition, then, it shall be Yes."

"The saints be praised!" I cried. "And the condition?"

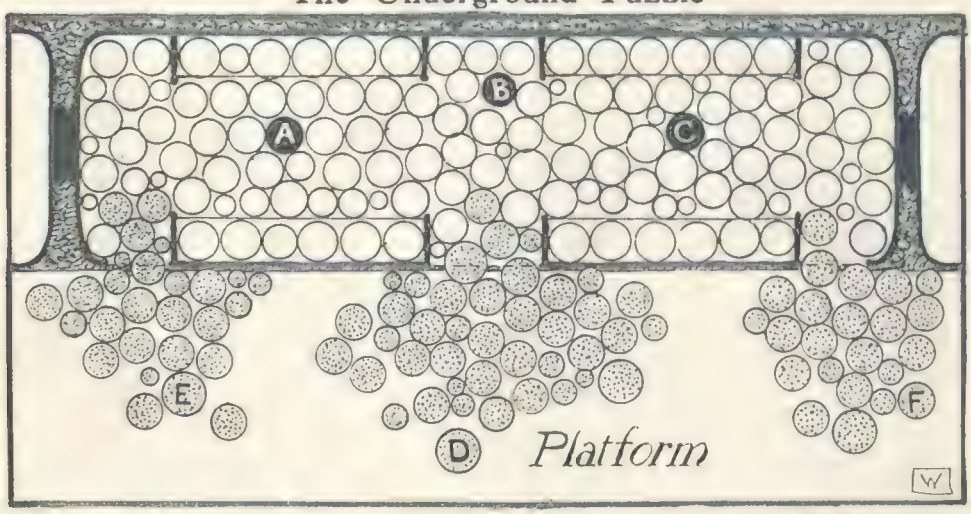
"That one afternoon of every week shall be my own, to do with as I choose. That granted, Master Egbert, I am yours."

. . . .

After this manner did I persuade Mistress Dorcas to abandon her post as cook to the family next door and enter upon a like career in my own household.

K. R. G. BROWNE

The Underground Puzzle

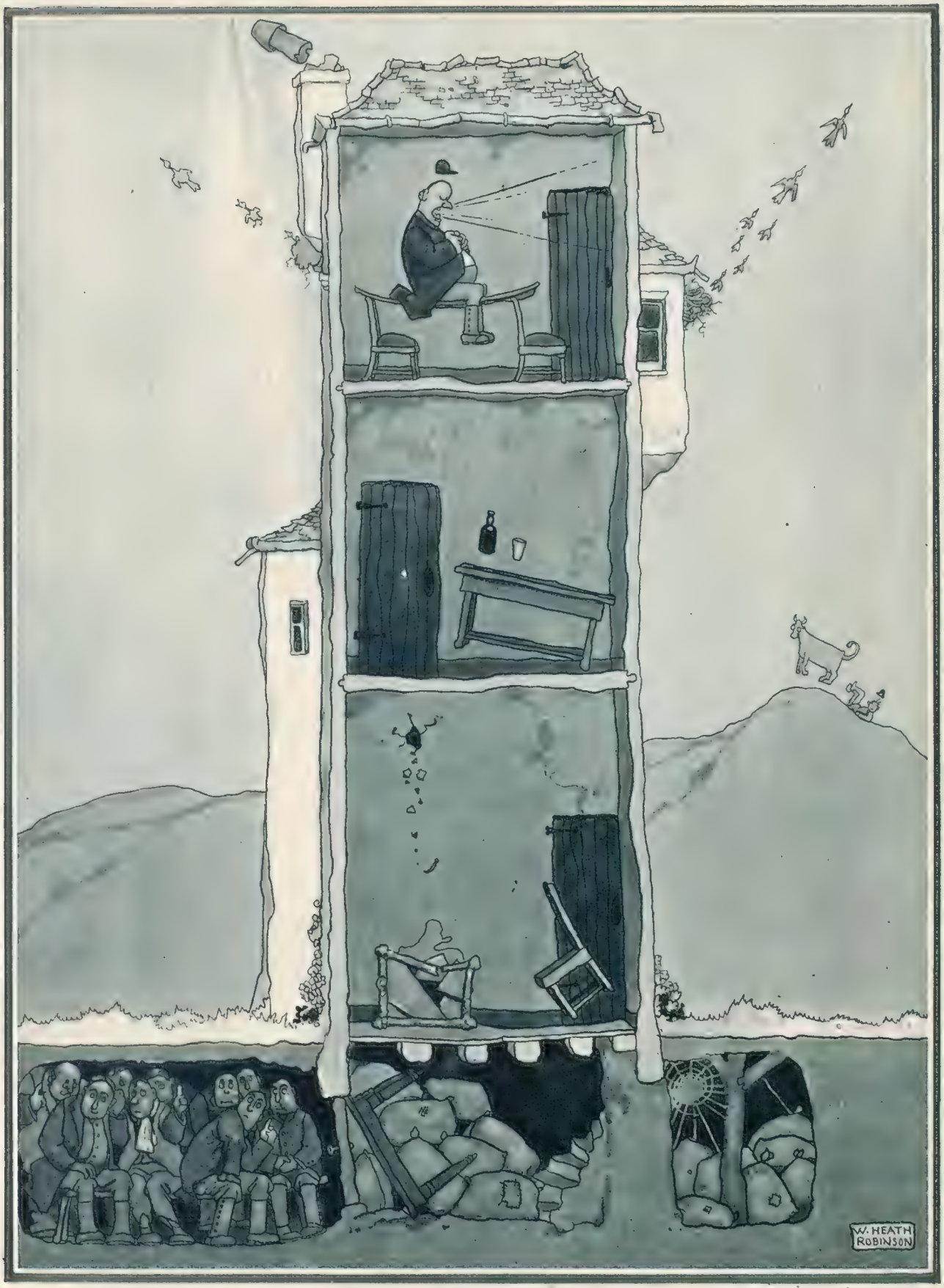


By W. E. WIGFULL

A FASCINATING GAME FOR THE WINTER EVENINGS

A, B and C want to get out. How do they do it? Calculate the chances of E, D and F getting in—to 3 places of decimals. Time allowed, in or out, 30 seconds

Their Master's Voice!



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Members of the Hunt testing the carrying power of the Master's "View Halloo" before the opening of the season

The Price of Bolshevism

A LITERAL SHORTAGE

Two "comrades" smoking and chatting in the streets of Moscow. So great is the shortage of hosiery that women are reduced to wearing short socks

AN EX-ARISTOCRAT

Reduced to poverty under Soviet rule, he is forced to sell his library in the streets. Is the "Comrade" trampling on the books demonstrating Bolshevistic principles, or merely careless?

Photographs "HIC JACUNT!" *Topical Press*

The ultimate bourne of the last luxuries of those suffering under the Soviet régime. A general view of the Smolensk market of Moscow where furniture from mansions that once belonged to the wealthy, lies side by side with the ordinary débris of the second-hand market. The squalor of the crowd and general air of depression affords a striking illustration of the state of affairs in "Holy Russia"

"Fernande has just disclosed to me a secret"

The Bystander in Paris

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

SHOCK TACTICS WITH THE SKIRTS

MES AMIS—

FERNANDE has just disclosed to me a secret. And, of course, I must make the haste to impart it to you. It is a feminine secret. Therefore is it that it must not be revealed to the Bishops. It will soon enough come to them through the means of their *postes d'écoutes*. Then they will issue the ordinances and try to effect the nip at the bud. So one must ask of you not to confide the information to your friends among the Bishops. It is because you have been so sympathetic, when Fernande and I have opposed the fashion of the long skirt, that she has thought you could be permitted to share the secret of the *nouvelle campagne*. She has felt that she could count on your sympathy again. Though she has admitted it is, perhaps, a little too Parisian, this campaign, to expect that *ses amies* will give the personal support. But, at the least, one may give the approbation.

IT has been necessary to accept, for the temporary period, the tyranny of the *jupe longue*. This because that it has been imposed as a fashion by the *couturiers*. But it has been with the bad grace that it has been accepted by the *Enavants*—of whom Fernande is one. And they have sworn to bring about its curtailment at the moment the most propitious. The plans have now been completed. And there is only awaited the first shower of rain to put them into operation. When that shall arrive the Bishops will receive—through their *postes d'écoutes*—the reports which shall give them the so great shock that they will call upon the *couturiers*, their friends, to return to the *mode* of the short skirts. It is a bold plot, but the Parisienne is not anything if she is not daring. She does find it an act of little courage to make the long skirt look less than the short.

LEST it is that you might think that the campaign is but a limited one, Fernande has asked me to assure you that it is a general. It is not merely on the part of the Parisiennes who have the *jambes* as graceful as the Sèvres vases—and might be considered immodestly anxious to display them—but also of they who have those as square as the Tour Eiffel. *Par exemple*, as Fernande has assured me, it is the "squares" who have been the most *intransigeant* in the debate on the whereabouts of the point of shock for the Bishops. The "Sèvres vases" have been for the nearest limit in the direction of moderation. But the others have been of the "neck or nothing" opinion. They have been able to insist that it has not been for any reason of the false pride that they have wished to remove the restrictions on the activity—and the vision. So the "vases"—naturally in the minority—have had to capitulate. Fernande has thought it would, perhaps, be unwise to reveal in the columns of THE BYSTANDER the strategic point which has been agreed upon, and, therefore, has withheld the information from me. But another "high authority" has let slip a clue by the accidental mention of the *jarretelle*. If that is correct the Bishops do appear likely to receive the shock *terrible*.

"The first shower of rain"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"Are prepared to go very far in the tactics of shock"

millions are won and lost — mostly lost — in the few seconds. There has been the *mystère palpitant*. And that is the supreme attraction for the *types de Deauville*. It has not been because the frock of the *demoiselle* has been cut with the extraordinary lowness. Although it has been of the *genre révélation* there have been others there of the much more *révélatrice* which have excited scarcely the flicker of the interest. The *mystère* has been in the sunburn. There has been visible not anything but the sunburn. And the *gens d'expériences*, which are those of Deauville, have been at once aware that such has not been in accordance with the *règle*.

IT is of the most natural—is it not?—that the *campagne* shall be looked forward at by the *boulevardier*. It is a case where the bystander shall not only see most of the game but shall enjoy also most of the fun. Not alone will he have the delights of the spectacle, but also the satisfaction to confound the Bishops. As they have been the persistent interferers with his enjoyment, he will take the acute pleasure to see their discomfiture. And he is well aware in the reports from the resorts that some of the opponents of the long skirts are prepared to go very far in the tactics of the shock.

THERE is, for instance, the stalwart who has astounded even the *habitués blasés* of the Casino at Deauville when she has appeared there one evening. She has been the sensation of the night, and has distracted all the attention from the table where the millions are won and lost — mostly lost — in the few seconds. There has been the *mystère palpitant*. And that is the supreme attraction for the *types de Deauville*. It has not been because the frock of the *demoiselle* has been cut with the extraordinary lowness. Although it has been of the *genre révélation* there have been others there of the much more *révélatrice* which have excited scarcely the flicker of the interest. The *mystère* has been in the sunburn. There has been visible not anything but the sunburn. And the *gens d'expériences*, which are those of Deauville, have been at once aware that such has not been in accordance with the *règle*.

ONE is permitted to wear what the Americans call the "abbreviated" costumes to bathe at Deauville, but even there there are the limits. And the *demoiselle* has quite obviously not been within them. It has been apparent, *en effet*, that a *maillot* of the most minute proportions would not have permitted the caresses of the sun to leave the traces where they have been visible to the mystified company at the Casino.

THERE have been the whispers, "*Comment cela se peut-il?*" Not anybody has been able to explain the mystery. But there has been taken, on the part of the most curious, a decision to investigate. And the *valets de chambres* at the Normandy Hotel have been amazed by the number of requests from the young men (who have had the habit to get up at midday) to be "called" at eight o'clock in the morning. The next morning and the following ones they might have been seen to hunt among the rocks for the hidden coves to find the secret pool-to-bathe of the sun-browned mermaid. But they have not succeeded to solve the mystery.

FERNANDE has expressed to me that her friends would be delighted to enrol the brown-backed lady as the commandant of the *bataillon d'assaut* against the long skirt and the Bishops. But I have had to admit that her name is not known—even to the journalists. The journalists, so I have excused myself, are not the early risers. Not even the mysteries of the secret pools-to-bathe could magnetise them from their beds at eight o'clock of the morning. They have left the investigation, therefore, entirely to the business men and the men about the town. And they, *comme l'habitude*, have discovered nothing. They never do. *N'est ce-pas, Eugène?* ROLAND

"Comment cela se peut-il?"

Le Five o'clock

as they take it in Paris

Patisserie

Nectar

The Cigarette

Waiting

The Second Cup

au bar

SKETCHES BY ROSE LE QUESNE

"THE U

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

URGE"

TRUTHS & PRIMES

THE BEACH COMBER: THE SEASON'S NET RESULT

By Victor Hicks

LOVE AND HYGIENE

[*"In these days of hygiene and commonsense the indiscriminate kissing we still practise among ourselves is dangerous and silly."*—Daily Paper.]

When Chloe shyly lies in wait
To greet her Strephon at the gate
In weather warm or chilly,
With self-denial stern, severe,
He grimly waves her back—"My dear
Old thing," he says, "to kiss, it's clear
Is dangerous and silly!

"Until some method is devised
Whereby our lips are sterilised,
Avoid contamination!
As one authority affirms
In plain, unhesitating terms,
Deadly diseases due to germs
Result from osculation.

"Kissers who do not die to-day
Fall into premature decay
(This point the expert stresses!);
They do not live to moil and toil
But shuffle off this mortal coil,
Simply because they cannot boil
(Or spurn *pro tem.*) caresses!"

So much for Strephon! Will she frown,
Or wear the look of one cast down
Who, all unwilling, misses
Some unhygienic harvest those
Who sow should reap? . . . she tilts her nose,
And murmurs: "Pooh! You don't suppose
I'm . . . Dying for your Kisses!"

E. L. Roberts

By Victor Hicks

THE END OF THE SEASON
The Last Straw

FROM OUR PESSIMIST

We learn that the Aldershot lady whose snores in church stopped the sermon has received many tempting offers from congregations throughout the kingdom.

* * * *

"Why Martins Were Late," is the title of a "nature article." We haven't read it, but we expect they were detained at the office!

* * * *

It is whispered in authoritative circles that an eminent Harley Street physician has stated that the Government is suffering from a serious "wasting" disease.

* * * *

"Beautiful but not Peerless" is a contemporary's description of Mlle. Agnes Souret, the French beauty. . . . Who is the happy man?

* * * *

English is to be the official language at the Disarmament Conference at Washington. It may be spoken through the mouth, or the nose, or an interpreter.

* * * *

Americans recently sent a cabinet of cigars to the Premier. It only remains for someone to send him a Cabinet of Ministers and our troubles will end in smoke!

* * * *

"'Slink,'" says a fashion-writer, "is a new kind of fur that looks like baby lamb, but isn't." We fancy we have tasted it with green peas!

* * * *

"Acid Test of Expenditure," says a head-line. What we really want, of course, is a sharp acid drop in expenditure!

"Where Are We Going, Papa?"

I drove in a taxi from the Gare du Nord .....✧✧

Bruce Bairnsfather
Paris

The doctors say I'm out of danger now, but must see nobody.

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

FRENCH TAXI DRIVERS SEEM TO TREAT LIFE AS ONE LONG SPEED TRIAL

"Strapping Tyrolese mountaineers in their plumed hats"

Escaping from Rhineland

BY THE BYSTANDER OCCUPYING AUSTRIA

It is not to be understood that, possessed by a journalistic thirst for news, the Occupying Bystander has rushed to the latest battle front, between Austria and Hungary. Worn with his labours and the eye-strain of continual Rhine watching, he has fled to the Tyrol. He sought a place where the wicked Hackenkreuzers (the gentlemen who wear the "Swastika" as a token that they are true Prussian, anti-Semite, anti-Ally, anti-German-Republic, and anti-everything else in the world that is not militarist and monarchist) should cease from troubling and the weary *Entente* be at rest.

Alas! for hopes of escaping the Prussian with his anti-Jewish foibles and the German Jew with his anti-Prussian sentiments—of hearing—no more for a space, of High Commissions and their Ordinances, of Rhineland and its wine, of Cologne, its Cathedral and its *Post*. At breakfast on the first day his next-door neighbour was a golden-haired Rhinemaiden, with her newly acquired English husband. When he asked for his letters he was given a *Cologne Post* addressed to a Rhine Army Officer, containing the very latest Ordinance of the Rhineland High Commission—the wine-list at dinner was headed by a Rhein Riesling—and in his bedroom hung a photo of that infernal Cathedral!

Lunching in other hotels brought no relief. A long, bald-headed gentleman wearing many "Mensur" scars and a conspicuous Hackenkreuz, who appeared to have swallowed a poker in infancy and absorbed it into his spinal column, did his best to start a row with an obvious Schieber from Vienna. Half a dozen waiters were required to restrain the latter from giving convincing proof of his Christian origin and disposition with an Alpenstock on the long Prussian's person.

At other tables various parties demonstrated the re-distribution of wealth in poverty-stricken Austria. They seized on their food, tore it apart with hands and forks, crammed it into gaping jaws with hands and knife—most of it—the rest they plastered on to bulging cheeks or dropped on to costly furs that must have half stifled their wearers in the glaring sun. Then they plunged their heated countenances into glasses of costly Tokayer.

But it is not this picture of vultures grown fat on the battlefields of a ruinous war and a devastating peace—the "Valuta Schiebers" of Vienna, the grain Schiebers of Poland, the munition-makers of Essen—that the Bystander Occupying Austria carries away with him as typical of that tragic country. Rather does he remember the thin waiter at the railway restaurant, who once wore the gorgeous uniform of a captain in a crack Austrian cavalry regiment, and the old gentleman who urged him to come to Vienna and have a good time, saying "We welcome you foreigners, and have done our best to make Vienna its old self again for you. We have hidden our pauper aristocrats in garrets, we have buried our suicides (everyone invests his last few thousand kronen in a revolver) in new and enlarged cemeteries—and we have reopened all our *cabarets* and built dancing palaces—for our Schiebers and for you."

And he remembers the round-eyed kiddies with the tin mugs walking past the exotic feeders on the hotel terrace, on their way to the American Quakers' soup-kitchen. Pleasantest of all, he remembers the fine, strapping Tyrolese mountaineers in their plumed hats, embroidered shirts, and chamois "shorts" who strode past the same place, casting a contemptuous glance on that horrid company, including the Bystander in Austria. That glance drove him forth in shame from the luxury hotels in the valley up into the mountain heights which are Tyrol. There, in the rough, but great-hearted, hospitality of the mountain folk was he freed from the troubling of the wicked folk of the plains, and, indeed, at rest.

Eric Gordon

Silhouettes by H. L. Oakley

"The round-eyed kiddies with the tin mugs on their way to the American Quakers' soup-kitchen"

Red Jealousy

BY ALFRED LEETE

SUBURBANITE *(whose neighbour's tomatoes have ripened before his)*: "Good heavens! You'll have to destroy them—they're going Bolshevic!"

"Puss, Puss"

Photograph *Dorien Leigh, Ltd.*

MISS EMILE LEA

A great favourite in New York at the Winter Garden Theatre, where she makes a feature of eccentric acrobatic dancing, with the assistance of the cat—and other animals. She will shortly sail for London to appear in a forthcoming revue over here

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

MADEMOISELLE FIFINE

BY C. HEDLEY BARKER

WHEN Monsieur Jacques Etienne, of the Rue de la Paix, became also of the *Milan*, the unmoral partners, Messrs. Kerr and Dunkley, hailed his advent with whoops of joy. For them, the ivory had been rubbed from the keys of life's piano, exposing the wood beneath. The crack in the pint pot of circumstance had widened considerably in recent days, almost completely letting out the ale of confidence, without which no criminal may consider himself equipped. With the arrival of Jacques barely an hour old, Tony Kerr was reading aloud to his partner :

Monsieur Jacques Etienne, of Etienne et Cie, of the Rue de la Paix, Paris, has to-day taken up his quarters at the *Milan*. The *Daily Echo* learns that it is his intention to remain in London over the season, in order that he may personally supervise the wonderful parades of his creations to be held at the Bond Street branch of his famous house.

Dunkley grunted, and put forward the opinion that all dressmakers — more particularly men dressmakers— were fools.

"Even so," agreed Tony, "they have the creative genius, dear old *mannequin*, and, as creative genius and horse-sense are rarely, if ever, bedfellows, it is safe to infer that Monsieur will be careless with his francs. I must polish my French. I begin to see in this Jacques the seccotine which will mend our shattered dreams. Pass the syphon most noble and accomplished *Apache*."

Getting to know Monsieur Jacques was by no means a difficult task. In addition to that *bonhomie* peculiarly Gallic, he possessed a large enthusiasm for "ze Ingleesh" which knew no bounds, and he found Tony a particularly charming specimen of the admired race. Of Dunkley he was less enamoured, and, after one or two unsuccessful attempts to instil into that gentleman something of his own *joie de vivre*, he arrived at the not unnatural conclusion that here was one whose ship had come to grief on the rocks of a grand passion.

It was on the third day of the Frenchman's sojourn at the *Milan* that Tony—in whose mind had been born the germ of a scheme—broached the subject of feminine fashions. The effect on Monsieur—whose love for his craft was second only to that entertained for Madame Etienne—was astonishing. When Tony, who had thoroughly grounded himself in such matters through the medium of Court and society columns, indicated a very theatrical lady opposite, and suggested that, perhaps, a gown of *vieux* rose silk trimmed with a trellis-work of pearls would be an improvement on the midnight blue she was then wearing, Jacques almost shed tears of delighted appreciation. Squirming excitedly in his chair, he commenced, with a maximum of gesticulation, a torrential outpouring of his views on Eve, and how properly to adorn her divinity. Dunkley, with ill-concealed disgust, rose and shuffled moodily away to his room.

"After that guff, dear old Edward, about *vieux* rose silk and pearls," said Tony afterwards, "I handed him some light gossip in which cinnamon suitings and tomato-coloured hats vied for predominance with brown frocks and skunk furs. He fairly purred with delight. Talk about animation, Edward—he made you look like a very stale specimen of the bearded bivalve from jolly old Whitstable.

'But—Mistaire Kerr-r-r,' he wailed, 'we are—how you say?—kidney spirits! To-morrow I shall show you ze design mos' novel—mos' *chic*. Pale pink and transparent, wiz ze pear-r-rl massed at ze 'em, and ze t'reads of spider-web spreading in ze up direction! Ah—*mon Dieu!* It is of ze mos' r-r-ravishing, ze mos' 'eavenly I 'ave produce.'"

"If it's not a rude question," put in Dunkley, "what's the little game with—er——"

"Seccotine? Just this, dear old fashion artist. He's going to tool me down to Bond Street to-morrow, and show me round his giddy little clothes-shop. Bein' a person, Dunks, of careful habits of observation, I shall take mental notes of the accessibility and geography of the place. Afterwards—to-morrow night, with luck, we will divert our evening stroll in the requisite direction."

. . . . .

Six p.m. wanted but a half hour, when Tony escaped at

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

By Leonard P. Dowd

QUACK, QUACK!

REPORTER: "To what do you attribute your great age?"

CENTENARIAN: "I baint certain yet, sir, as there be several o' them patent medicine companies a'bargainin' wi' me!"

"MADEMOISELLE FIFINE" (*concluded*)

length from the boredom of Etienne et Cie, of Bond Street. Spite of a cold, steady drizzle which was wetting all London, he found himself in the highest possible spirits. Things had gone unusually well. Dunkley, hearing his partner's recital of the day's doings, decided that things had gone ominously well.

"Not only, dear old sinner, did I extract the key of Monsieur Jacques from his jolly old pocket," said Tony, "but I also got the loan of his jolly old limousine. Doesn't that strike you as being very near to the pink and blushing limit?"

"It does," admitted Dunkley. "It also strikes me as being too childishly simple for words. You haven't, by any chance, got the key of the safe as well, and the owner's invitation to go ahead?"

"Chuck rotting, dear old Edward, there's a good chappy. Tell you what—if this job comes off O.K. I'll get old seccotine to make you a dinner-jacket trimmed with champagne corks. The carriage waits, m'lord."

"What . . . now? It's . . . it's daylight!"

"Exactly. 'He that hath light within his own clear breast. . . .' I don't remember the next, Edward. Come!"

Not without considerable misgivings, Dunkley followed his partner to the lift. A limousine, drawn up at the hotel entrance, purred a luxurious invitation. With a few well-chosen words the chauffeur was dismissed, and Tony took the wheel. Half way down Bond Street he pulled in to the kerb, and stopped. A chaste plate in old metal said "Etienne et Cie."

"I had almost forgotten, Edward," said Tony, after a discreet survey of the street, "to explain things. Here's the key. Now——"

Explosively, Dunkley put in: "What's the little game? D'you think I'm having this gag sprung on me at the eleventh hour? What——"

"Take this key, Edward," repeated Tony, giving his partner a significant glance. "None of your giddy old kicking over the traces. It doesn't matter a brass monkey to me who goes inside, but it occurred to me that, whilst you are more or less familiar with the nicer requirements of cracking cribs, I am an expert performer at the wheel. Go straight through to *salon* number three. You will there see a door, covered with green baize and brass tacks. It has no lock. Although I myself have not been inside, I know that it is the counting-house. Should you hear the klaxon, lie low."

Visibly affected, the fat man struggled to his feet. "I don't like it," he muttered. "I——"

A gentle push, administered from behind by Tony, helped him into the road. "Endeavour to eliminate, dear old Dunks, this horrible faculty for not liking it. Go, and the gods go with you."

. . . . . .

Scarcely two minutes had elapsed when the figure of Dunkley emerged with considerable haste from the portals of Etienne et Cie. He gained the seat by Tony's side with an agility his appearance belied. "Drive!" he gasped. "Drive like the deuce!"

Tony drove. With Bond Street far behind, he expressed a desire for information.

"There was a woman," said Dunkley, jerkily. "Phew! I—I lost my nerve altogether, for a moment. Sitting at the desk, she was, with all the lights on. And the way she stared . . . damned uncanny, I tell you."

"And . . . she saw you?"

"Saw me? Don't be a blithering idiot! Of course she saw me. Must have heard me before I went in. Turned right round in her chair, she had. Sort of expectant look about her . . . and . . . and something else . . . something rotten, uncanny."

. . . . . .

Monsieur Jacques, spruce and smiling, awaited them.

"You 'ave enjoy ze drive, yes? *Bien!* To-morrow you shall be present . . . introduce . . . to Mademoiselle Fifine!"

"Mademoiselle Fifine?"

"*Mais, oui!* Mademoiselle Fifine of ze counting-house. All night she sit. Sleep—nevaire! Nevaire eat! To-day, I forget to introduce. Ah, m'sieur, but she is of an *éclat!* She is of a figure not possible in life!"

Dunkley's face showed a puzzled frown. "Then," he muttered, incredulously, "is she——"

Jacques Etienne, dressmaker, rose from his chair. "Monsieur Dunkle," he murmured, "Mademoiselle Fifine is of . . . how you say? . . . wax!" C. HEDLEY BARKER

HAVE YOU HEARD A GOOD ONE LATELY?

Prizes for Humorous Stories.

THE BYSTANDER offers the following prizes for the best humorous stories sent in by readers:—

First Prize £10 10 0 Second Prize £7 7 0 Third Prize £5 5 0

Each story must be of a humorous nature, have a Christmas atmosphere and not exceed 350 words in length. Any number of stories may be submitted by any one competitor. Attempts must reach this office not later than October 20th and be addressed to

The Editor, Bystander Christmas Story Competition, Graphic Buildings, Whitefriars, E.C.4.

The Editor's decision must be final and he reserves the right to publish both successful and unsuccessful attempts. In the case of the publication of stories which do not win prizes, payment will be made at the usual rates for such contributions.

All attempts must be typewritten and bear the full name and address of competitor.

Unsuccessful and rejected stories will be returned if accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes, but the Editor will accept no responsibility in the event of loss.

No stories which have already been published will be considered.

Successful attempts, together with a selection of the next best, will be published in **THE BYSTANDER ANNUAL** in November.

(This Annual, by the way, is likely to beat all previous records in Christmas Numbers—even Bystander records.)

Shade of Her Grandmother

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

Di (*to Diana*): "It's all right, old thing, the sporting spirit's the same, it's only 'habits' that change"

"Bully!"

BY WILTON WILLIAMS

INSIDE THE "STRIKING CIRCLE"

IN ENGLAND-NOW!

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM

"Blanchette"

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

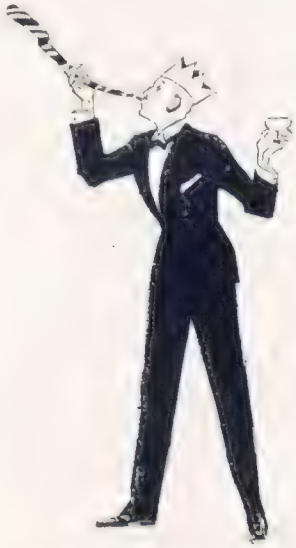
London,
October 10

Dear Cousin—

I do think this is the time of year, above all other times, when one's heart is absolutely torn in two. Between Town and country, I mean. Between the joys of the opening season and all the loveliness of the woods and hills and streams—and the fields, once again a rich green, and the trees that are turning to russet, but hold none the less rich and friendly a welcome for that.

On my . . . well, ought to be on my proper writing-table, I suppose, but afraid it's just the breakfast-in-bed sort, 'cos these nippy mornings *are* such a temptation and excuse for dallying with the eternal problem of getting-up, and the dragon-dogs, after all, *do* so much prefer, bless their darling hearts, to be right up on a level with their missus, so's to get their morsels of egg and buttered toast and nice little saucers of milk with the minimum of trouble and—where was I?

In bed? Oh, yes. Well, there on my table just by my morning cup-o'-tea repose already quite lots of cards and invitations and things for all sorts of nice parties that are just beginning to flock around—dinners, lunches, dances, and the rest. And meanwhile outside . . . outside in the garden the birds are singing again. Flowers are flowering, too, and rose-bushes putting out new shoots. *Que faire?* Lovely London or the lovely country—which?



"Rattles and trumpets going hard"

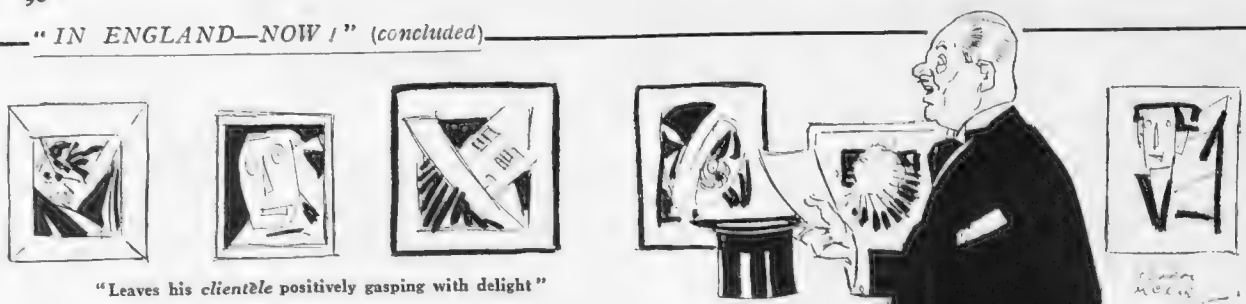
Or both? Not sure that isn't the really best solution after all. I mean, why not have some of each, and hang the expense? Especially now the railway companies really have at last put on quite a lot more trains, quite possible, after all, to have at least week-ends in the country now and then, even if all the rest of the time you happen to be tied down in Town.

Though why so many of us go on year after year hugging our chains and our slavery I really can't think—especially after reading that most delightful book-of-the-moment, Mr. Frederick O'Brien's *Mystic Isles of the South Seas*, with its fascinating story of those wonderful and beautiful islands, free from all conventions and things, where "nature is the dominant note—a nature so mysterious, so powerful and yet so soft-handed, so beauty-loving and so laughing in its indulgences, that one can hardly believe it the same that rules the Northern climes and forces man to labour in pain all his days or to die."

"Rushed to the telephone to procure tickets"

Can't imagine why we go on staying in this dull country after all that, can you?—especially as it isn't ever frightfully hot there even, and when rain falls it's like "liquid sunshine." Must confess to having rushed

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded)



"Leaves his *clientèle* positively gasping with delight"

straight off to the telephone after reading about it, and rung up (like the lover-man in *Rounding the Triangle*), to find out all about the next steamers to Tahiti and places. Not forgetting fares, of course,—couldn't leave *that* altogether out of the reckoning these poverty-stricken days, however adventurous one feels, could we?

NOT so very dear either, the price of admission to this earthly paradise, not as prices go nowadays. But . . . all the same, as a matter of fact, you know, somehow I haven't bought my ticket yet. After all, there are some quite nice points about life here in poor old England now, even from the merest and most practical pleasure point of view. In the country, apart from the golden hazes and the crimson leaves and other thrilling autumn beauties, there's pheasant shooting and all sorts of sports that seem to taste better somehow when there's a bit of a nip in the air.

> October, October!
> March to the dull and sober—
> The suns of May
> For the schoolgirl's play—
> But give to the boys October!

as I b'lieve they sing or hum at Harrow.

WHILE, in Town . . . in Town surely, above all, this is the time when things are beginning to happen, and are all the more intriguing and absorbing because they *are* only just beginning. Amusing art shows, for instance, like the great Mr. Nevinson's, who knows exactly the right way to *épater le bourgeois*—which is only to be done properly by explaining fully and thoroughly to the *bourgeois* exactly how he is being *épaté*.

AND leaves his *clientèle* (who after all are, in the end, the *bourgeois*) positively gasping with delight at being admitted to his brilliant and self-confident confidences about Dada-ism, and Gaga-ism, and Papa-ism, and Mama-ism, and Baba-ism, and Tata-ism, and the rest. I suppose really he and the equally great Augustus John are about the only two artists of real merit who also know how to advert——I mean, properly impress on the public the real merit of their works.

As for dinners and theatres, and suppers and dances and things—well, of course, it *has* been rather a shock to the would-be revellers, after all sorts of gala rejoicings over the death of Dora, to find there's some sort of doubt, apparently, whether she isn't going to live half an hour too long, so to speak, at the very least. But in spite of all doubts and fears, we *have* been revelling again, anyway

"There's pheasant shooting"

GREAT doings at the Rendezvous the other night, with champagne flowing free and rattles and trumpets going hard, and Sir Ernest Wild eloquent on the iniquities of the Pussyfoot crowd. Lovely celebration dance at the Piccadilly, too, where the lighting's better and softer these nights, by the way, though the band (*au contraire*) rather more vigorous if anything. *And*, to add vim and prestige and all that sort of thing to the occasion, the one and only company of Co-Optimists, who've really got, I believe, the brightest and best as well as most popular (don't *always* go together, do they?) show here in London now.

MERELY to hear Laddie Cliff sing of that coal-black mammy of his, or Gilbert Childs about the Roast Beef of Old England—

> Hot on Sunday,
> Cold on Monday . . .
> That makes old England what it is—

is to be cheered, bucked and brightened beyond all knowledge with a sort of permanent-wave of brightness that sustains one even through the very languidest of the heat-waves of this "chill October" of ours!

With love, Yours ever,

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To George the Fifth
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BY FIELD, STREAM

HUNTING NOTES

BY A. W. COATEN

The Drought

SINCE I wrote the article on the prospects of the season which appeared in last week's issue a number of new reports from various countries have reached me. Without exception they speak of an excellent outlook for sport, but huntsmen are now qualifying their optimism. "Prospects quite good—provided rain comes soon," may be quoted as typical of the latest reports. The weather experts tell us that we were something like 8 in. below our normal rainfall in the first nine months of the year. The much-needed change may come any day, but it will be too late in many countries to make the cubhunting campaign a real success.

"Too Dry For Cubbing"

THE Suffolk country is characteristic of those which are suffering most keenly from the absence of moisture. "Too dry for cubbing up to the end of September, and we have had practically no rain since February," says a correspondent with that pack.

MR. J. GRAEME THOMSON

Who, with Mr. H. S. Brenchley, is Joint Master of the Heythrop Foxhounds.

Another New Master

ONE correction becomes necessary in the List of Foxhounds published last week. Mr. Rouse Broughton is no longer Master of the Stanton Drew and Wells Hunt, his place having been taken by Mr. C. Hilton Green, who is huntsman as well as Master of the pack. Formerly a harrier country, this Hunt has now taken a regular place among the foxhunting establishments. There are bright prospects of sport in the coming season. Hounds killed 2½ brace of cubs in their first five early mornings, and this in spite of the abnormally dry weather. A very cheery report comes from the Old Surrey and Burstow country. These packs were amalgamated a few years ago under the joint control of Mr. G. C. Leveson-Gower and Major Guy Larnach-Nevill. This season they have a splendid entry of young hounds and an abundance of foxes, while the farmers are "very friendly and keen." All this is very satisfactory of a country which cannot boast the natural advantages of the Shires.

Photograph *Topical Press*

PRINCE HENRY OUT WITH THE HEXHAM

Prince Henry terminated his first public duties at Hexham by doing a day's cub-hunting with the Hexham. He is seen with the Master, Mr. J. C. Straker, moving off to the draw.

Hunting Two Packs

EARL FITZWILLIAM, as our Hound List showed, still enjoys the distinction of being Master of two important countries. One is the Wentworth, which was established by his grandfather sixty years ago, and has been in the hands of the family ever since. The other is the Grove, formerly hunted for many years by Lord Galway. Its hounds are kennelled at Barnby Moor, and go out four days a week. I am told that the Grove country is better stocked with foxes than was the case last season, and cubs have turned up very well so far. A grand young entry of 20½ couples have been put on, and show great promise in their preliminary work. I was glad to notice that Lord Fitzwilliam, speaking a few weeks ago at the Grove puppy show, stated that during all the years he had been hunting in that country he had come across scarcely anybody who was hostile to foxhunting. "Carry on hunting properly, with due regard to chickens and small holdings, and little opposition will be encountered," was his comforting assertion.

Photograph

A HUNTING

The Brambam Moor Foxhounds, while owing to an inconsiderate fog that refused to

A Busy Welshman

ANOTHER M.F.H. who is not content with carrying on only one pack is Major David Davies, M.P., who has added to his responsibilities by taking over the joint Mastership of the United Hunt this season. For many years he has hunted a smart pack of his own from his pleasant Montgomeryshire home at Llandinam. Nor is this all. Major Davies is Master, too, of the Hawkstone otter-hounds and of a pack of beagles.

Rugged Country

A SEASON or two back I spent a few days in the sporting, if rather rugged, country which is covered by his hounds, and I can vouch for the eminently practical way in which the various packs are carried on. Major Davies is such a tremendously busy man of affairs that it is remarkable how he contrives to take such an active part in hunting.

A. W. C.

H. C. Buckle

SILHOUETTE

cubbing last week, were very slow "off the mark." lift until later in the day—they were out at 6.30 a.m.

AND COVERT

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

Best from the "Provinces"

I TAKE Chat Tor, Arravale, North Waltham, and Money Glass as being the best of the provincial candidates for this week's big race. I do not set much store by Chat Tor's defeat at Bath last week, for when a horse is being specially trained for two and a quarter miles a race over a course six furlongs shorter is hardly a dependable test. That Chat Tor is equal to getting every yard of the Cesarewitch course I fully believe, and I think he will give his backers a good run for their money. It is a little doubtful whether Arravale will be suited by the hard ground. At Goodwood it did not trouble him, and on that form he possesses an obvious chance. North Waltham, like Chat Tor, met with defeat last week, but here again no very serious view need be taken of his failure, as he will have quite a different weight to carry in the Cesarewitch.

An Improved Horse

I LIKE North Waltham because of the improvement he has shown since Harry Cottrill became his owner and trainer. Now, he was handicapped before he exhibited this improvement, so you can safely reckon that he has an advantage of several pounds in the weights. There must be just a doubt as to his staying powers, but Cottrill believes he will get the course. Money Glass carries North Country hopes. He is trained at Middleham, which more than once captured the Cesarewitch in the old days, and the Yorkshire racing centre is rather sanguine of success this time. They have had more rain up there than we have had in the south, so Dobson Peacock has had every opportunity of getting his horse really fit. You certainly must bring Money Glass into the reckoning on his Doncaster form.

Tishy's Chance

As for the Newmarket horses, my view is that Tishy is the pick of the bunch. There are all sorts of prejudices against her, but Reggie Day has such a strong stable of stayers that I cannot believe that he has made a mistake with this filly. He should be able to tell to a pound or two through Flamboyant and Bucks exactly what Tishy can do, and there is no doubt that he is exceedingly confident. I shall make **Tishy** my selection, and you may find CHAT TOR and MONEY GLASS the best to back each way.

BY "THE TOUT"

MR. DONALD FRASER

And Sir Abe Bailey, on right—owner of the Cesarewitch "certainty" (?) "Tishy"—are two "live wire" patrons of the Reggie Day stable, who will be very much "on their toes" in the Birdcage at Newmarket to-day

The Best Two-Year-Old

THERE will be plenty of other good races on the Heath this week. I expect Golden Corn will be reserved for the Middle Park Plate on Friday instead of going earlier in the week for the Cheveley Park Stakes, which should, therefore, be won by SELENE. It is not often at this time of the year that we arrive at the conclusion that a filly is the champion two-year-old. The general opinion, however, now is that Golden Corn is the best of her age. I never saw a grander young filly. She has the size and power of many four-year-olds. And she is just as good as she looks.

Photograph Alfieri

RECENT RETRIEVER TRIALS

Mrs. Quintin Dick with Lord Ludlow and Lord Chesham at the first of the season's Herts., Beds. and Bucks. Retriever Trials which were held at Shardeloes, Amersham. Mrs. Quintin Dick's "Banchory Sunspeck" was a runner

I think, therefore, that we shall see **Golden Corn** carry off the Middle Park Plate. I hope that **Joss-House** will break the prolonged spell of ill-luck for the King by winning the Suffolk Nursery in the Royal colours on Thursday.

Travel Facilities

IN connection with the Second October Meeting to be held at Newmarket on October 11, 12, 13, and 14, the Great Eastern Railway Company are providing a convenient special service of trains. Restaurant and Pullman cars will be attached to the principal trains from Liverpool Street, and the feature of running a first-class Pullman Car express from St. Pancras at 10.50 a.m. on each of the first three days, and at 10.10 a.m. on the last, which proved so popular at the previous meeting, will be repeated.

SPORTS & PASTIMES

Photo Illust. Co.

MISS JOYCE WETHERED

Who, at St. Anne's last week, again won the Ladies' Close Championship of Golf, of which she was the holder, beating Mrs. Mudford in the final

Photograph Short and General

MRS. MUDFORD

Second to Miss Wethered in the Ladies' Close Championship of Golf. A member of the Hallamshire Club, she only started playing the game about a couple of years ago

THE RIGHTS OF THE LOOKER-ON

A Change of Front

SOME little time ago there was an occasion at Lord's when the crowd became somewhat unruly while waiting for the resumption of a match which had been interrupted by rain. The trouble rose almost entirely through the crowd not knowing what was going to be done, or was likely to be done, and, as I pointed out in THE BYSTANDER at the time, could have been avoided by telling the waiting onlookers what the two captains had in view at the earliest possible moment, instead of keeping them hanging about in a state of ignorance and uncertainty.

Exit "Wait and See"

THERE is, in fact, a change going on slowly but surely in the attitude of those who play games towards those who come to watch them. The onlooker, in return for the payment which he makes at the gate, expects not only to see what is going on, but to be taken more or less into the players' confidence, and the player is rapidly realising that it is to his own advantage (as well as the onlooker's) that this should be done. The days of the old-fashioned "wait and see" attitude are over.

"Number, Please"

BLACKHEATH was the first club in the South to introduce into Club Rugby football the practice of numbering the players of its team in such a way that their names could at once be ascertained by a reference to the programme. Richmond, Blackheath's oldest rival, is one of the clubs which have this year followed suit, and in a few years' time we may expect numbered teams to be in the majority, at any rate among the first-class clubs. Another improvement which is becoming more general is the announcement to the public of any eleventh hour changes in the programme.

So Simple

UP till quite recently there were many football grounds at which it never seemed to occur to anybody in authority that the public, having bought a programme purporting to give the names and positions of the players, was entitled to be informed if that programme was incorrect in any particular. And yet a piece of chalk, a blackboard, and somebody to carry it round is all that is needed in order to put things right. I suppose that at one time the onlooker at Rugby football had to shift for himself more than the onlooker at any other game except possibly amateur "Soccer." But things are improving all round now. Even that old bugbear of club "Rugger," the unpunctual kick-off—thanks again to the example of Blackheath—is becoming quite rare. After all, the club which looks after its public best is likely to get the most support.

Dull Athletic Meetings

MANY people will tell you that there is nothing so dull as an athletic meeting. By the field events, in particular, they are absolutely bored stiff. Why is this? I believe that it is because, at the average athletic meeting, the spectators are told little or nothing. Unless they are "in the know" they cannot tell what is happening or even (in many instances) what has happened. This, I feel sure, explains in a great measure why the spectators at athletic sports can be numbered, as it were, in hundreds, while at a league football match they are numbered in thousands.

A Tip From America

I AM strengthened in this view by an article which has recently appeared in the *Field* by H. M. Abrahams, the Cambridge Blue. He tells us that athletics are very much more popular in America than in England. He attributes this partly to newspaper enterprise, but also to the fact that at an American athletic meeting the public are carefully told "all about it" right through the proceedings. The position of every athlete on the track, for instance, is announced before the start of a race, while before each jump or

(*Continued on page 104*)

Photographs *Photo Illustrations Co.*

A. SEYMOUR (Molesey Hurst) J. W. GAUDIN (Allwoodley)

Finalists in the "News of the World" Tournament at Oxhey last week, of which Seymour was the winner. The tournament was remarkable for the downfall of all the members of the "old guard" who were competing. Edward Ray, playing on his own course, survived to the semi-final, but was there beaten by Gaudin

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SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

throw the public are told who is jumping or throwing and after it what he has done. Results, winners' names, etc., are plainly shown on a big board, and are left up on the board all through the meeting, whilst if the competition is a team competition care is taken that anybody can ascertain the exact position of affairs at any given moment by looking at the record of points, which is also posted up conspicuously. Here is another striking illustration of the importance of telling the public what there is to be told instead of treating them as if they were present almost on sufferance and leaving them to find out what is happening by the light of nature.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

A Sad Farewell

THE first time the 'Varsity match was played at Queen's Club, I, being then an Oxford undergraduate, was an interested spectator of it. I cannot claim to have seen every match since then, but I have seen a very great many more, including last year's encounter, than I have missed. I happen also to be an old member of Queen's. Consequently I am one of the many who may be forgiven for having a feeling of regret at last week's decision that Queen's and the 'Varsity Rugby match are to part company. This does not mean that we do not realise that it was a decision that had simply got to be come to, because the 'Varsity match has grown so enormously in popularity that a move to "larger and more commodious premises" has become inevitable.

Photograph *Central News*

THE DUKE OF YORK KICKS OFF

In the Association football match between the Corinthians and Tottenham Hotspur, which was played at Tottenham last Thursday in aid of the funds of the Malvern College Settlement in Dockland, of which His Royal Highness is patron. The Corinthians were beaten by two goals to one

The New Venue

BUT all the same, it takes time to obliterate the natural feeling of affection that one has for the old home, and Queen's has been the home of the 'Varsity "Rugger" match since 1887. We may take it, I presume, that the Rugby Union ground at Twickenham, which provides ample accommodation for big football crowds will be the venue of the match in the future. I do not expect that its being less accessible than Queen's will make any difference whatever to the gate. Indeed, the knowledge that in the matter of accommodation Twickenham could carry Queen's in its pockets without causing them to bulge appreciably, will probably have the effect of bringing many hundreds to the match who would otherwise have given it a miss. They will know that even if all the reserved seats have gone there is still a reasonable chance of seeing the game from the terraces with which the ground is surrounded.

A Coincidence

CHRONICLERS of the match will no doubt take note of a remarkable coincidence. The first match at Queen's was won by Cambridge, whose captain was M. M. Duncan, and the last match was won by Oxford, whose Captain was D. D. Duncan. Duncan the first was a very fine three-quarter and Duncan the second an equally fine forward. H. S. S.

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

FOR a man who produces so many books, Mr. E. F. Benson maintains a very high level. You generally know more or less what to expect from him. He will tell you a story about people who are either smart or quaint or ridiculous or cattish, and you will duly read on to the end and feel that he has not let you down. *Lovers and Friends* (Fisher Unwin: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is of the true Bensonian type. The love story of Celia Courthope follows well-worn lines, it is true, but love stories have a habit of copying each other. The Courthopes *mère et père*, however, unmistakably belong to "Dodo" Benson. The lady, years ago, had parted from her husband, and you can hardly wonder at it, for Philip is one of those tiresome self-centred *poseurs* who come finally to believe in their poses. In an air-raid Philip is supremely ridiculous. His wife's conversation, moreover, is a joy. In fact, these two between them are sufficient to make of the book a most satisfactory entertainment.

EXCELLENT! Here is the one and only *General Bramble* (Lane: 6*s.* net) again. The War is over, but that fine, if silent, figure must not be allowed to sink into oblivion. M. André Maurois may continue as long as he pleases to tell us about our absurd selves, and although he is primarily writing for his own countrymen, his work well bears translating. *The Silence of Colonel Bramble* was all war. Here you see him and his friends, notably Colonel Parker and the Doctor, after the Armistice. You have the glorious absurdity of the decorations, and the transport and supply for the Portuguese troops. And when the interpreter Aurelle is demobilised, after a final celebration, you feel that he must somehow be got to continue his labours. It is not enough that Colonel Parker writes him long letters; he must come here himself.

THE mock-hero of Miss May Sinclair's new story is a certain *Mr. Waddington of Wyck* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). He is an elderly squire belonging to a very old family, and he is an egregious ass. He imagines that he has only to "cast an eye" to invoke love and admiration in the feminine bosom. He believes that as a local magnate with a name revered for hundreds of years, he has only to write a book about his county (with some little help, perhaps, from a secretary or two) to achieve something like immortality. And he has not a notion that, he is cutting a ridiculous figure. Now it would be easy to make of such a man little more than a dull caricature. Miss Sinclair, of course, does nothing of the kind. In her skilful hands Mr. Waddington becomes the centre of as real a comedy as you are likely to find in these days of crude drama. None of his absurdities is glozed over—you see the man for what he is—but for all that you do come to feel some sort of sympathy for him. He is pathetic, for all these absurdities of his have their root in his one great desire to remain young. And so you forgive his clownishness and his silly *amours*, and even feel slightly indignant with those who laugh at him—all his family included—behind his back. This book is brilliantly clever and shows Miss Sinclair in rather a new light. R. S.

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"AHOY, Jenkyn, urgent signal at the port yard-arm—orders for Kensitas with utmost despatch; if you don't obey smartly you may find yourself hanging from the starboard halyards."

That's what the young gentleman said, sir, as nearly as I can remember.

Exactly, sir, a midshipman—it's a way they have in His Majesty's Navy.

Now, the only port I understand is one that's been something over 7 years in a bottle, but as I have never disappointed anyone over Kensitas, sir, I'm not expecting to be hanged by these naval gentlemen. They will find their new "mess stores" as good as the last because Kensitas are always . . . . . "*as good as really good cigarettes can be.*"

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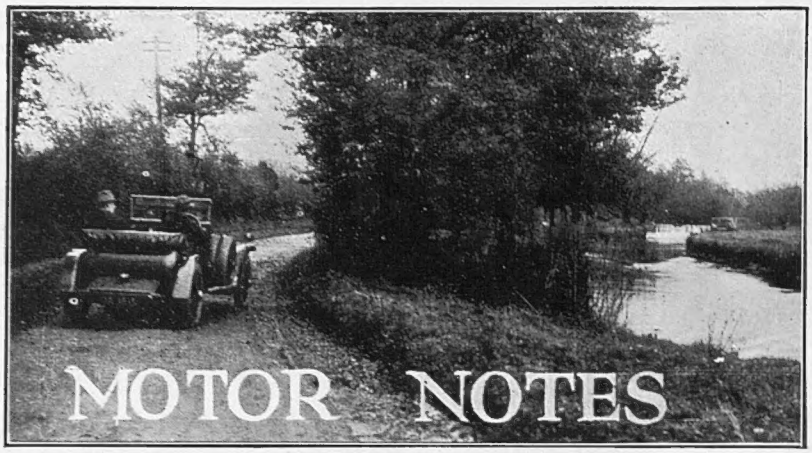

A VERY RURAL SPOT

Motoring near the ruins of Newark Abbey, Ripley. The car is a six-cylinder Sunbeam

SMALL six-cylinder 15 h.p. cars are to be the innovation for 1922, according to the efforts of certain makers to get preliminary notice being taken of their programme in futures. So far I have heard of a six-cylinder Morris-Oxford, a six-cylinder A.C., and a six-cylinder Singer, all extensions of the 10 h.p. four-cylinder models. Whether there is going to be much of a market for these "fifteens" as against the popularity of the "tens" is extremely doubtful unless the price is very nearly the same figure, as most small car owners look twice at spending £500, and really think that £300 is the real economic price to pay for their runabouts.

I AM sorry the A.C. broke a connecting rod and had to change its petrol tank on account of leaks in its effort to run twenty-four hours. It performed excellently for the first twelve hours in the first day's run, covering just under 841 miles in that time, an average speed of 70.7 miles an hour. Trouble, fog at the early start, and general tinkering before it got well away, delayed this new six-cylinder A.C. on the second day, so that, though it hustled even faster for a lap or so, the actual mileage covered in just under nineteen hours was 1,192 miles, the eighteen hours' distance being 1,128 miles 1,548 yards, an average of 62.55 miles per hour, which is a jolly fine performance, though not quite as good as the makers had hoped to do for twenty-four hours' running.

* * *

THE new Dunlop cord tyres came through in a blaze of glory, as this is one of the few long runs that I know of that was practically free from tyre troubles all this long distance. No punctures, no bursts, only one wheel changed to tighten up the valve, so the tyres ran right through.

* * *

EVIDENTLY all the novelties in the forthcoming motor show at Olympia in the car line are to be in the small size, as Talbots are building a 10 h.p., Austin a new 12 h.p., that is, if the Society will allow this company to exhibit, while Mr. George Hands, of Calthorpe fame, has severed his connection with the old firm and is going to produce a "hot stuff" £300 light car off his own bat.

* * *

WHETHER the 350 h.p. twelve-cylinder Sunbeam will be put into production I know not, but "Bill" Lee Guiness was as pleased as a cat with two tails after his 138 miles an hour on a bit of the track at the Brooklands last meeting, driving this same bus, so who knows but that there may be customers about? Possibly from Spain, as King Alfonso has set the example of tremendous road speeds, and the hidalgos of the Court simply love to beat him if they can in getting

(*Continued on page 108*)

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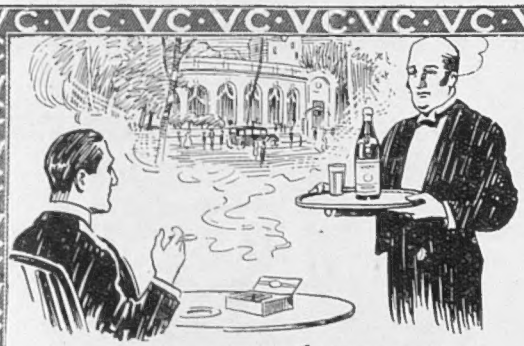

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MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

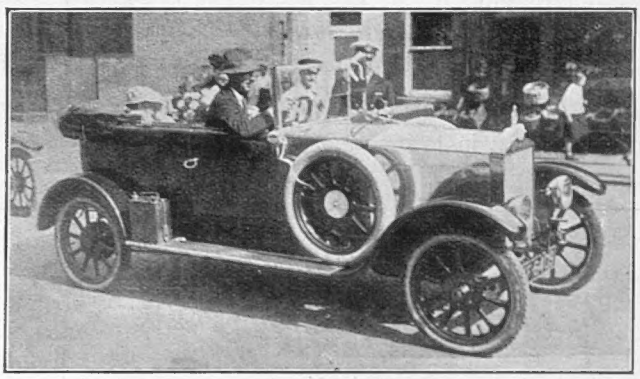
a faster bus than he may own. That is why the three-litre Bentley—a 90 miles an hour touch—finds customers there. But I am wandering from the small car note to one of deeper and louder tones. So, returning to my muttons, there is the new air-cooled engined Standard coming along, and the B.S.A. with the Hotchkiss engine, to say nothing of the oil-cooled 8 h.p. Belsize, so the two-seats-and-a-hug-brigade will have a still wider choice than ever, a lot of new models as well as the old to pick from.

* * *

AN oil merchant who knows his business told me at the agricultural tractor trials that there are 100,000 Fords running on the roads in this country. This equals 50,000 barrels of oil per annum, so no wonder he was keen on getting the Ford oil order. I said that they will soon be able to give them away free, as the constant demand for spare parts in a number like this pays for the cars and everybody concerned. Then a voice whispered "What about the pirate parts?" and I remembered that I knew one or two mysterious gents in the motor business who lived like fighting cocks, expense no object, all done out of making these "parts" and supplying both the trade and private customers. I wonder, now the Knight sleeve valve engine patents are approaching their legal demise, whether we shall see sleeve valve engines "pirated" in all directions, especially for small cars.

* * *

ACCORDING to rumours, the Burt single sleeve valve engine is doing so well on the present Argyll car that someone is producing an air-cooled variety to use on cycles and cycle-cars. We shall get down to perambulator-sized motors soon if we go on like this, which is disappointing to me, hoping to be a proud possessor of a lordly Daimler, or a £3,000 Napier, before I die, of many horses and roomy comfort.



A MOTOR MARRIAGE

A fleet of Albert cars conveyed all the guests to and from the church at the wedding of Capt. C. F. Heselton and Miss Mabel Newlove at Scarborough

I UNDERSTAND, too, that the Cubitt car, the most wonderful value for the money in English production-cars, is going to run a rather more expensive model. Now I hope they will stick to the present £420, or whatever it is, proposition, and get this down a bit, if possible, as it appears to me to be the only effort made in this country to produce something that is good enough for its job, but not too good, as is our usual way, and will put our U.S.A. rivals in cheap cars out of our market. And that will be some feat, with values like the Buick, Chevrolet, Overland, and Hudson in our midst, to say nothing of our old friend the Cadillac, of eight-cylinder fame. Though that belongs to another category, and the big power cars have to tackle that proposition. Anyway, Olympia is right on top of us, and new cars, new cushions, new accessories, new paint, new lamps for old will be the cry for the next few weeks. To tell you the truth, now there are to be motor-boats at the White City with the cars, it puts me right out to sea in the whole business, and I believe I shall be safer to stop out there, too, than try and describe "whot's whot" in novelties for 1922.

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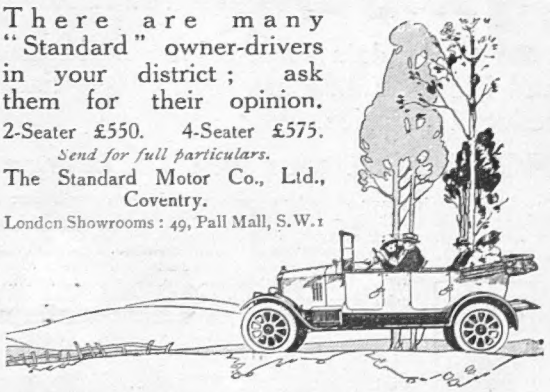

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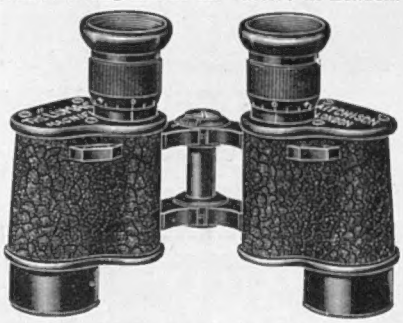

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